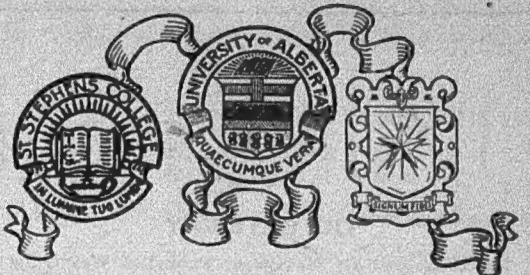


The Gateway



VOL. XX, No. 9.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1929

SIX PAGES

University of Manitoba To Have New Buildings

Question of Accommodation for Students of Sister University Practically Settled—One Building to be Constructed With Funds from \$1,000,000 Grant

For several years the students of the University of Manitoba have been agitating for new buildings to house the ever-growing student body. Matters came to a head last year when the students held a parade to the Manitoba government buildings, there presenting the premier with a formal request for a bigger and better educational institution. Consideration of the request was promised, culminating in the following announcement in "The Manitoban" of November 29: "Mr. Bracken's promise of immediate action on the University site question has been fulfilled. Late yesterday afternoon information of the committee's decision and report were received. By unanimous decision the committee recommended the establishment of a new University at the present site of the Agricultural College. The matter of passing the decision still remains before the government, but with the signatures of Premier Bracken and the Hon. Mr. Hoey, Minister of Education, upon the report, it is thought that the decision will be speedily carried by the House.

The \$1,000,000 vote passed by the Government last spring will be expended immediately in a new building on the College grounds. This is to be ready for occupancy next fall, and is intended for the purpose of providing accommodation for the senior students. The idea adopted is to leave the junior classes in the present buildings. Possibly at some

time in the future further accommodations will be erected for them also. Until this additional accommodation is voted upon considerable inconvenience will be felt, especially by faculty members unless the faculties are reorganized into two groups, one for the senior and one for the junior division. Other inconveniences will be found serious by many of the student organizations, whose connections with the various faculties, will be prevented from the close co-operation now possible, by the newly developed situation.

However, as academic work is naturally the main object of the University, the new accommodations will provide far more comfortable studying facilities, and consequently raise the standard of academic work among the students. Under the present conditions a proper attitude to work is impossible, in the overcrowded, underventilated class rooms.

With this start, however, there may be great things in store for the University, and in the space of a few years we may possess a University which members of the faculty or undergraduate body will be proud to display to any visitor.

Aside from the fact that the present Manitoba U. has a jail on one side and a brewery on the other, we sympathize with, and congratulate, the students whose agitation has helped our sister university to obtain new accommodation of a type more fitting to her dignity.

MANY ENJOY JUNIOR PROM.

Athabaska Hall Again Scene of Delightful Dance

While our little world in general was held fast in the grip of the first real winter weather, some three hundred students and their friends found in Athabaska Hall a pleasant haven not yet forsaken by summer.

Despite the fact that outside a light wet snow threatened to make the evening unpleasant, the guests assembled in high spirits, and by nine o'clock the Junior Prom 1929 was away to a good start.

The lounge was entirely transformed into a delightful summer house which, centred with an exquisitely graceful and sparkling fountain, provided a most comfortable retreat for the weary.

Passing from the summer house the guests were introduced by Mr. Herman Hayes to the patronesses of the evening, who were Mrs. William Egbert, Mrs. R. C. Wallace, Mrs. A. E. Cook and Miss F. M. Dodd.

They were now in the garden—one of those delightful gardens with big stone walls and a large iron gate, through the bars of which a stretch of winding pathway, a hill and a neighbouring house set in a background of stately green trees, appeared. On the right, in the garden itself, was a tiny rustic porch, while a bird perched on the fence close by added a naturalistic touch. Along the opposite wall, under the shadow of a large sunshade, a "garden-tea" was spread, and beyond this was the quaint old sundial. These four centres of interest served excellently as rendezvous for the dancers.

At certain intervals during the progress of the dance, in the shaded corner just back of the sundial, a full moon, forsaking its traditional cheese-green coloration, with a mischievous wink, showered soft lavender beams down upon the merry-makers.

Again the garden-like atmosphere was echoed in the bower, illumined with green, from which the orchestra gayly measured out the familiar strains.

Green and orange appeared once more in the streamers, and candles which decorated the upper gym throughout, and made of it a brilliant setting for oh! such a delicious supper.

About one o'clock the dance came to an end, and as the couples moved slowly out into the rotunda, a voice, presumably deep bass, sounded somewhere in the throng—

"Start working now that this is over? Oh! maybe, Monday'll be plenty soon enough!"

NEW ACADEMIC AWARD

A gold medal offered by Dr. D. A. MacGibbon, formerly Professor of Political Economy in this University, and now of the Board of Grain Commissioners for Canada, will hereafter be open to annual competition on the following terms as approved by the University Senate:

Beginning with the current session, 1929-30, the medal will be awarded to the student who receives the highest standing in one course in the general principles of economics, and at least three full senior courses in the Department of Political Economy, provided that the student's record is considered satisfactory by the Faculty of Arts and Sciences.

CALGARY ALUMNI BALL, DECEMBER 27

Student Reservations Should Be Made Before December 14

The annual Varsity Ball at Calgary is one of the most eagerly anticipated events of the winter season. This year's ball, the third, to be held on Dec. 27, it is hoped will surpass anything yet attempted by the Calgary branch of the Alumni. Very careful plans and preparations have been made by the Dance Committee. The attendance will be strictly limited as in other years. The tickets are four dollars per couple. Each grad (member) and student in attendance is entitled to one double ticket, and has the privilege of placing the names of one other couple on the list of reservations, rather on the waiting list. Reservations are restricted to members and students up to December 14. Reservations made after that date will be placed on the general waiting list and filled in order. Tickets will be available after Dec. 9th. After Dec. 14 tickets will be available for those whose names are on the waiting list. Therefore it will be wise for students to make their reservations before December 14th. Reservations will not be held after noon Dec. 21st. Graduates of other universities are especially invited. Phil Bourque is looking after reservations and tickets at Varsity.

VARSITY GRADUATE FOR ALDERMAN

Hugh John MacDonald, Law '21, Seeks Election to Office

A U. of A. graduate is seeking office as an alderman of Edmonton for the coming year. Hugh John MacDonald, Law '21, is the first Alberta graduate to run for alderman in any city in the province.

Known familiarly as "Hugh John," he has been a resident of Edmonton since 1912. He is a graduate of the high schools here, and at the age of seventeen he was the youngest principal in Alberta, being head of the Beverly teaching staff. Later he was principal of the Banff schools. He has taken an active part in athletics and community affairs in Edmonton, and is president of the Edmonton branch of the Alumni Association. Mr. MacDonald is a member of the legal firm of Wood, Buchanan and MacDonald.

TORCHY HILLIKER LOSES BOXING MATCH

Varsity Lightweight Loses to Frank Toone in City Boxing Tournament

Varsity's only entry in the city boxing tournament held at the Memorial Hall, was defeated by the representative of the Canadian Legion, Frank Toone. Varsity's entry was J. (Torchy) Hilliker, an erstwhile freshman in the lightweight class.

In the first round Torchy outboxed his rival, and the second round was a draw, but the better condition of Toone enabled him to pile up a decisive margin in the final round to win the match.

WHY DO WE DANCE?

By The Ram

Yes, we do dance. We start early and finish late. Make hamburger steak out of other people's feet for four hours or more at a time. Indulge in idle chatter about how charming the decorations are, how warm the dining-room is, and how beautiful Miss Blat's gown looks in the colored lights. But then we don't know why they have lights.

We first heed the alarm of the coming catastrophe about a month before the dance when some egg breaks out with "Got your woman for the Prom yet?" "No, not going this year." Same old line, and about a week later this same he-man "gets" his woman and is prancing up and down the halls as if preparing for the insane asylum, trying to swap dances with other equally stultified co-sufferers.

Programs booked, then comes the even greater suffering of rising in the small hours of the morning, and creeping down to the lower regions of the Arts, and our hero slinks around with his kind like a rat in a hole for hours, always careful to keep as near to the altar of the high priests who give out the cherished tickets as his hour of rising entitles him. After a long wait, during which many devilish groans are heard, the ticket vendors appear, and then begins a colorful exhibition of sardine canning. After much haggling, the student emerges holding high his ticket, looking exhausted but happy that the first action in the "War of the Dancers" is

over. He goes home to prepare for a similar engagement the following week to capture an elusive program.

At last the great night has arrived. No collar-buttons for the dress shirt and no clean collar are small items of discomfort that can be easily remedied by the use of tact and your neighbor's wardrobe. Once dressed, our stuffed male approaches, possibly, the den of terrors, Pembina, and is ushered in amongst a group of other stuck-up males who all look delightfully uncomfortable. Down comes the female of the species, and Athabasca is reached in due course.

A long preparation, and then comes the passage of the bored by the line of the more bored. Then—ah then—careening over a very hard floor, to the rhythm of an over-enthusiastic orchestra, crashing into other couples at every step, and becoming constantly more hot and ill-humored—the dance goes on. Good partners and bad partners, jerks and jolts, and a grim, resigned look on many weary faces all come and go in a whirlwind of heat. A dance ended, a game of hide and seek takes place before the next dance in an attempt to find our next partners. Undoubtedly there would be a revolution if we were forced to go through such gymnastics for four hours and a half.

One o'clock comes and we all go home weary, but making ourselves believe we had a good time. The best dance yet—we wonder why?

Overseas Education League Announces 1930 Programme

"Travelling University" Plan Now a Fixture—Many Enlightening Visits to Foreign Countries Planned—Session is July 2 to August 30

The Overseas Education League which arranges for interchange of teachers and students of various countries during the summer, announces its program for 1930, subject to change:

1. Fifteenth annual visit of teachers (including the clergy and medical profession). Sail by S.S. "Empress of Australia" from Quebec to Great Britain, France, Switzerland and Germany. Return via S.S. "Empress of Australia" leaving Southampton August 23 and arriving at Quebec on August 30.

2. Seventh annual visit of university undergraduates (including graduates of 1929 and 1930, normal school students and senior students of certain schools and colleges). June 21, sail by S.S. "Minnesoda" from Montreal, arriving at Glasgow on June 29. Excursions in Great Britain, France and Geneva or Oberammergau. Return by S.S. "Empress of Australia" leaving Cherbourg August 23 and arriving at Quebec on August 30.

3. Fourth annual summer school in French (for teachers and students). Visit Lycée Victor Duruy, Boulevard des Invalides, Paris; also Lisieux and London. Sail by S.S. "Empress of Australia" July 2, from Quebec, arriving at Cherbourg July 9. Return by the same boat, leaving Southampton August 23 and landing at Quebec on August 30.

4. Second annual summer school in English (for teachers and students). Visit Oxford, Stratford-upon-Avon, London, leaving Quebec July 2, on "Empress of Australia." Return by the same boat, leaving Southampton August 23.

5. First annual summer school in Spanish (in co-operation with University of Liverpool). Visit Santander, Spain, via Paris or London, leaving Quebec July 2 by "Empress of Australia." Leave Cherbourg August 30, by "Empress of Scotland," reaching Quebec Sept. 7.

6. First annual summer school of music (for teachers and students). This visit will largely center on the Wagner and Mozart Festivals at Munich and Bayreuth. Visits are also planned to Paris, Oberammergau, Dresden, Berlin, and London. The itinerary and sailing dates will be announced later.

The interchange of teachers be-

tween Canada and other parts of the Empire are for a period of one year and must be applied for through the local school board and the provincial department of education.

Reservations can be secured through the League for those desiring to sail before May 28 or to return after August 30. Address communications to Mr. F. J. Ney, Offices of Overseas Education League, Boyd Building, Winnipeg.

BURY SAYS VISIONS ARE LIKE VERITIES

Retiring Mayor of Edmonton Gave Address in Convocation Hall, December 5

A very interesting service was held in Convocation Hall last Sunday morning, when Mayor A. U. G. Bury, K.C., was the speaker. He took for the subject of his address: "Visions and Verities," and although these things might appear to be entirely disconnected, it was shown that actually there was a very close relationship between them. Enlarging on this theme, he quoted Kipling's "The Dreamer Whose Dreams Come True," and Juliet, and several others. A vision is apparent, but not real, although true.

Mayor Bury took as his text, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Referring to it, he gave various instances where great nations had lost their vision—had allowed themselves to be distracted from their aims—and had perished. This was true of the fall of Rome, of Assyria, of Greece and of Holland.

The speaker concluded his address with the application of his ideas to our University. He commended our choice of a motto, "Quaecumque Vera"—"Whatever things are true"—and urged us to live up to that motto.

PRESIDENT DRAMAT



ELSIE YOUNG

Under whose presidency the Dramatic Society is presenting the Inter-year plays tomorrow night.

Variety of Emotional Appeal Will Mark Inter-Year Plays

Different Classes Each Maintains Greatest Talent Lies In Its Own Ranks—Dramatic Shield Excites Their Ambitions

Have you seen it? Seen what? Why, the shield, of course, hanging in silver-and-mahogany splendor beside Mr. Cameron's desk. There's the reason for the unearthly groans and gurgles down the corridor where someone is rehearsing her Big Moment. There's the reason for much hammering and hefting back-stage, where Ted Baker and his crew juggle the sets about. There's the reason why the Dramatic Society are raking in the ducats down by the bookstore, where the pink and white tickets melt like snow upon the desert. In their dreams each class sees its own number inscribed in the place of honour, and that's because—but let them tell their own story.

The Frosh Play

To begin with, let me just touch upon some of the merits of the various actors in our presentation, "The Boy Comes Home."

First we have Mr. Alberta Cairns as a young captain who returns from the front to the home of his uncle and aunt, and if you think you got a kick out of "Journey's End," just wait till you see Bert hold up his uncle. Talk about your dramatic moments.

And then we come to Timothy Byrne. This brilliant rival of Sir John takes with remarkable adeptness to the character of the uncle in the Frosh production.

The leading lady is none other than the charming Marion Clements. You all know her, so we suppose it's rather hard to picture her as a doting aunt. But you can take our word for it that she just steps into the part as though it had been made to order for her, and it takes real "stage sense" to be able to do that.

Cal Holmgren and Dorothy Esch as the maid and Mrs. Higgins, the cook, will make any householder wonder why he hadn't seen them before he engaged his present staff.

Added to all this, our play is from the pen of A. A. Milne, whose "Dover Road" was such a success here a few years ago. Written in Milne's best vein, surely "The Boy Comes Home" is a suitable choice for the Freshman Class—while we are very young?

The Sophomore Play

No. 1: The Play.—Well, if you don't like it, blame Roland Pertwee. But we think you will. We like it ourselves because it is not one of those eternal triangle affairs, but boasts a regular four angled parallelogram instead. You know what we mean—push one side and two corners come together (and trust Carman and Dwight to do the pushing). Then Pertwee takes a hand, and the darn thing folds up so that all the corners are paired.

No. 2: The Setting.—Not rollicking, but just right—the time, the place and the girl. But that maid (Dot Riley) walks in and spoils it all. Rather embarrassing for George Connaught (Dwight Williams), but we are quite sure that his masterful character will handle the critical situation, even if it does make him quarrelsome. Then, too, we should mention the balalakaa. It is worth at least one corner of the shield to see our super-sophisticated Sheila (Dot Walker) perform on—can't attempt to spell it twice—anyway, it is Russian for mandolin.

No. 3: The Costumes.—No one but a Roland Pertwee character could be imperturbable in a dinner jacket at tea time, but Geoffrey (Carman McKim) carries it off beautifully. Rather sad about his hat, but Geoffrey is willing to sacrifice anything for Alice (Phil Hart), even though he has proposed to her daughter.

But can a girl really get ready for a date in two and a half minutes flat? Just watch Sheila do it—we mean, just clock the two and a half minutes whilst Sheila is off the stage. Alice (Phil Hart) isn't so dusty either, even though Geoffrey does leave her cold.

No. 4: The Characters.—We are too modest to say too much about ourselves, but George Connaught as a middle-aged Romeo knows his stuff. Although his allegiance changes more than once, we suspect he is only in league with Alice to dispose of Howard Carter's relic from the tombs of Luxor.

The Junior Play

In "Kestrel Edge," by Wilfrid Gibson, the Junior Class has found a play which has every claim to be called an excellent dramatic vehicle. With a big sheep-farm on the Border as a background, it sets out the tragic story of a mother and her two stalwart sons. The widowed Naomi Angerton, portrayed by Doris Dunham, after an unhappy girlhood and a married life without love, finds

CHRISTMAS GATEWAY ON 17th

The next issue of The Gateway will be the Christmas number, the tenth and last for this term. It is intended to have this issue ready for distribution on Tuesday, the 17th of December, in order that those going home early may not have to miss their copies.

herself in middle-age about to grasp happiness greater than she had ever dreamed. Her elder son, Reuben (Donald Brander), the cool, clear-headed master of the sheep-farm, has contrived for months in his quiet way to save his mother from the glare of a withering truth. But his younger brother, Gideon (Winfield Race), an impetuous, even fanatical, local preacher of sorts, does that which brings all the hopes of mother and son about their heads. But even in the last tragic moments, Reuben rises to meet the occasion and give the drama a courageous end.

A powerful play with intense and vivid action, "Kestrel Edge" will speak well for Friday night.

The Senior Play

The Senior Class is presenting Sir James Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" They expect to win the shield, for a number of apparently good reasons.

The novelty of the play is the first of these. It is a mystery story written as the first act of a full-length play. Consequently the final curtain leaves the audience still in doubt as to the guilt or innocence of each figure in the story.

The success with which serious stage difficulties have been overcome is another reason. The handling of a cast of sixteen on the pitifully small stage, and the sustaining of interest in a drama enacted for the most part around a dining-room table, are two of the difficulties which careful directing has minimized to the vanishing point.

The amazing cleverness of the dialogue is a third reason. Every word spoken is of vital importance to the development of the plot; characters are fully described with a phrase, blotted out with a word. A nod or a movement swings the finger of suspicion from one guest to another with inconceivable swiftness. This makes for an intensity which is rarely found in a stage vehicle and to which the least lapse in characterization is fatal. The play demands more than a talented cast. It can only be played successfully before an exceptionally clever audience, for only such an audience can understand it.

For a final reason, the play has been coached by one of the most experienced student directors at the University. The parts are portrayed, with but a few exceptions, by seasoned players of proven talent, and it is fortunate that this is the case.

There are no minor roles; the play calls for an "all-star" cast, every member of which is willing to forget that he is a star.

JOTTINGS

At the open forum discussion to be held this Thursday evening (Dec. 5) in the men's common room, Mr. Felp Priestley will lead the government and Mr. Percy Davies the opposition, on the question, "Resolved that the C.O.T.C. should be abolished." This debate should interest many.

The official members of The Gateway staff are holding a banquet in the Tuck Shop Rainbow Room on Monday next. To critics of the staff's right to a party on a Monday of all days, the members remind you that there will be no work for them to do next week (as far as The Gateway is concerned), as there will be no issue next Thursday.

The tea arranged for Mr. Maurice Colbourne by the Dramatic Society last Monday was cancelled that same afternoon by Mr. Colbourne's manager, the reason given being that the star of Shaw's plays was suffering from a cold, making his appearance at the University inadvisable.

The University Glee Club announces "The Lucky Jade" as its operetta for this year. Seventy-five or eighty people will be required for the cast, all being chosen from the University. The production is planned for January 30 and 31, in Convocation Hall.

The Pharmacy Club held a business meeting Monday, Dec. 2, to discuss plans for the club banquet to be held some time in February.

The Freshman elections are to be held Monday, Dec. 9, a poll being open in the Arts basement from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Election speeches are to be held in Med 142 on Friday, Dec. 6, at 4:30 p.m. Presidential candidates are Bert Cairns, Fred Gale, Charley Brown, "Torchy" Hilliker, René LeBlanc and Jas. Buchanan.

Mr. Jas. P. McKenzie, B.Sc., will present a paper on the subject of the Life and Works of W. H. Perkin at the Chem. Society meeting on Wednesday, Dec. 11. Those interested in the history of the development of dye chemistry should be particularly interested. Everybody welcome.

The Swimming Club announces that the meeting scheduled for Jan. 17 has been postponed.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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NOTICE BOARD VANDALISM

There are children in our midst. Notwithstanding the very high opinion of the intellect of our average student which, having expressed it at times in this column, we still hold, the conviction has recently been forced upon us that some of these privileged to drink of the fount of wisdom installed by the taxpayers of this Province of Alberta are yet, despite the boon, the merest children. As we run our editorial pen along these words we think of the notice-defacers.

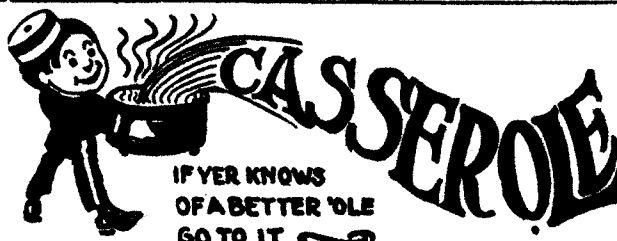
For some obscure reason, perhaps the shortness of the initiation this year, the crime of defacing and destroying announcements on various public notice boards has become in its varieties legion, in its enormities atrocious, and its extent immeasurable. The defacement may consist of anything from a cartoon to a phone call. It is usually a jibe at some person or practice mentioned in the notice, and is therefore unlovely for two reasons: being supposedly funny it is exceedingly trite, and being particularly personal it is peculiarly of bad taste. Quite often also it sins against other respectable conventions: it may be libellous, may be impious or blasphemous, or may be vulgar, coarse, ugly, altogether revolting. What a shock it would have been to any true philosopher—any lover of wisdom—coming in innocence last Friday morning to this sanctum sanctorum, to find conspicuously exposed to public gaze a very neatly written notice concerning a chess-club meeting, so defaced, so scrawled over with almost ribald perversions of sarcasm and satire, that its primal purport was all but obliterated. It was this notice, being so defaced the very acme of a rapidly spreading practice, that aroused the indignation responsible for this editorial.

AFTER THE STORM

However deplorable the disturbance over Promenade tickets may have been, it has had the happy effect of drawing the attention of the students as a whole to an important body and a valuable privilege—the Disciplinary Committee and the Union's right of veto. It matters little that during the excitement the former was misunderstood and the latter misused; the important point is that the shortage of tickets for the Prom. brought, as nothing else could have, the attention of the Union members at large upon whatever body appeared in any way to be responsible for their discomfort and upon whatever powers might appear to give them some share in the changing of conditions.

It would be foolish to say that the majority of students entirely miss the powers, purpose, and spirit of the Disciplinary Committee; but that a good many do become evident during the excitement over the disclosure of the multitude of crimes which may be committed in the sale of tickets. For the reassurance of those who look upon our judicial body as some tyrannous clique responsible only to itself The Gateway draws attention to the fact that its decisions are subject to appeal to the Committee on Student Affairs. For the disillusionment of those who consider it to have been created for the complete subjection of all and sundry according to its own avid will, this editorial would draw attention to the fact that it exists chiefly to apply the rules and regulations which the Students' Council sees fit to establish or recognize; that, for a particular instance, it was in no way behind or responsible for the resolution of the Council that was the cause of last week's brief excitement. For the comfort of those whose fears are that it is a ruthless and hostile arbitrator of stern and uncompromising justice, we point out that, by informal procedure suited to the occasion, it attempts to bring about an atmosphere of accordant understanding between the accused and his judges, and that—and this is the true safeguard—it is composed entirely of men who in their previous activities have shown themselves to be just, sincere, and impartial. The Disciplinary Committee is a judicial body with limited executive powers. It does not pass laws or proclaim edicts; its purpose is only to enforce such rules as the Council may impose or common-sense dictate as necessary to the dignity of the Union. It does not go out of its way to point out that such and such a rule will apply in such and such a coming event. Its radical difference from the Old Students' Court is in its procedure, which is entirely devoid of that red tape which chiefly contributed to the failure of the older body. To succeed well where the other was but an indifferent success it needs at least our understanding and co-operation.

It would not, however, be foolish or incorrect to state that almost a half of the Union's members miss the purpose and power of the right of veto assigned them. The purpose of this right is to give the members of the Union the power to annul any legislation of the Council whose effect would spread over a sufficient period of time to make it equivalent to statutory regulations. But concerning the common resolutions of current business which occupy most of the time of the Council the Students' Union has no power. It is explicitly stated in the new Constitution that "resolutions of an executive character" are not subject to veto by the Union, and that, indeed, the Council is not obliged to make them known to the public. The reasons for this exception are obvious, namely, that efficient conduct of business would not permit a delay of ten days for inspection between the passing of a resolution and its execution. Of such a nature, surely, was the motion by which the Council recently drew attention to the non-transferability of tickets; it did not then and there make them non-transferable; it



"They say Tennyson frequently worked a whole afternoon on a single line," said the literary enthusiast.

"That's nothing," said the poor clod seated beside him. "I know a man who has been working the last eight years on a single sentence."

A merry party was going on in the bedroom of the host at a large hotel, when the festivities were suddenly interrupted by a waiter who said:

"Gentleman, I have been sent to ask you to make less noise. The gentleman in the next room says he can't read."

"Can't read!" replied the host. "Go and tell him that he ought to be ashamed. Why, I could read when I was five years old."

This is a story about a Med student. It isn't very long—in fact, it's only about "Sixfeet" Long.

It appears that this Med student wanted to know why Noah took two of every animal into the ark.

He was informed that Noah did not believe in the story of the stork.

"Come right into the yard," said the farmer's wife cordially to the tramp who had besought something to eat.

The tramp eyed the bulldog dubiously. "I dunno 'bout dat," he said. "How about dat dorg? Will he bite?"

"I don't know," said the housewife. "I just got him today and that's what I want to find out."

A Shortage Somewhere

An advertisement in a newspaper of a popular spectacular play has this to say of two of its attractions:

500 people.
400 costumes.

About the only way you make a dollar go any distance at all in these expensive days is to buy a golf ball with it.

We have just received a glorious offer. One of our writers has just informed us that if we come over to his room he can supply us with this month's issue of "College Humor" instead of the three months old edition. Thanks, Mr. Surplis.

"Here's a man who died because he loved a woman. Now, that's what I call a hero."

"Well, he may have been a hero, and then, again, her husband might have come home."

"Look here, waiter, is this peach or apple pie?" asked the diner.

"Can't you tell from the taste, sir?" asked the waiter.

"No, I can't," answered the customer.

"Well, then," asked the waiter, "what difference does it make?"

"My," said the stude at breakfast, "that was a good sleep. I slept like a log."

"Yes," answered his roommate, "with a saw going through it."

The class was seated ready for the lecture, when a young student rushed in and dropped a great pile of books on the floor. The nervous professor jumped and then said angrily:

"Young man, go down to the president's office and drop those books just like that."

The youth departed, returning in a few moments and calmly taking his seat in the class.

"Did you do as I told you to?" demanded the irate professor.

"Yes, sir."

"What did the president say?"

"Nothing," coolly returned the student. "He wasn't there."

The physician was giving an informal lecture on physiology.

"Also," he remarked, "it has been recently found that the human body contains sulphur."

"Sulphur?" exclaimed the girl in the blue blazer.

"And how much sulphur is there in a girl's body?"

"Oh, the amount varies," said the doctor smiling, "according to the girl."

"Ah," returned the girl. "And is that why some of us make better matches than others?"

merely pointed out that they were, and as soon as the motion was read it was carried out of itself, and incapable of being rescinded. What could be more ridiculous than a meeting of students to rescind a motion which was automatically only the more put into effect by the fact of their meeting to discuss it? It was to this fact that the President of the Union referred when he told the meeting that it was powerless. It was powerless not because the Council would refuse to observe its expressed desires, but because the Council was itself now impotent: it had already drawn attention to a fixed regulation; it could not by any possible legislation withdraw that attention; it was therefore quite helpless to alter circumstances.

But such was the ignorance of the meeting of the rules by which it was permitted to assemble that a great part of it found this statement incomprehensible, and some even misinterpreted it to be the peremptory denial of a powerful tyrant. It is a pity that the Council should be so misunderstood for the single error of failing to cast its shadow adequately before the coming event.

It has been brought to our notice that the President of the Council has been subjected to some criticism by some members of the Union for giving the explanation referred to. Such criticism is entirely unwarranted: as the mouthpiece of the Council he had perfect right to explain its action, as much as he would have if, acting unofficially, he had stood up on the floor of the house for the same purpose.

Does Your Language Help or Hurt You?

By The Professor

"Do you ever feel doubtful about your grammar? Are you ever at a loss for the right word? A thorough command of language is the greatest asset you can have in business or social life. It is not easy to discover whether your language is helping or hurting you. Your best friends know—but they won't tell. Let our new invention help you."

Ah! Here is something which interests us. We have long felt that something was missing from our makeup. Often, when we have been speaking via the telephone, the line connecting us with the desired party has gone dead—but we never know why. Often, when conversing with Uncle Joshua, we have realized that the hoped-for Christmas "touch" was doomed to early failure—but we didn't tumble to the reason. Often, in fact almost invariably, we have been refused various monies by our Scotch relations—but still we were puzzled. (The fact that we still are has no place here.) Often, we repeat, we have been placed at a business or social disadvantage which our handsomeness and wit have not sufficed to overcome.

We well remember the visit of our wealthy Old Country relatives—as do they, no doubt. Our own memory is especially vivid in regard to the occasion, probably because it was one on which our best friends DID tell us. The impression of the telling was both physical and mental, the latter being, at that age, considerably less painful. In fact, the statement that "it is not easy to discover whether your language is helping or hurting you" was disproved to our own complete satisfaction.

Now we have come to the telling of the story our memory receives an additional jolt to make the incident clear. The morning of the arrival of our relatives was marked by a touching occurrence. The milkman, who really had more beef than brain, slipped on the stoop. It was an occasion on which a man is hurt more before the flow of language than after. The head of the house could not get to us quickly enough to save our innocence, but what if he had? We started school soon after, and

discovered that the milkman's education was pitifully inadequate for even the most ordinary case.

Eventually we arrived at the university, and our childhood experience led us to look for further opportunities to be helped or hurt by our language. Alas, we found that we had not begun to learn. We were absolute tyros compared to certain common-room habitués, and even in the news office of the college paper we were not at home. (Please don't make cracks like that.) Letters to Dorothy Dix didn't help a whit. The professors were silent on the subject altogether, and the maids in the men's residences were too busy to teach us. Even the Tuck Shop girls gave us the go-by. (Isn't life like that? Actually, we mean?)

(Just about here we should begin the old gag: "Then I heard of your wonderful course, etc.," but father has discontinued our subscription to Cosmopolitan, and we've lost the blessed address.)

As we have been telling you, we tried everything, but neither co-ed nor golf-course "pro" could help us—in the one case the course in language was too advanced, and in the

other but little better than the milkman's. A mist veils our eyes as we think of our tribulations of that period (snuff another candle, Walpole); the episode of our childhood becomes too petty to recount, and we've forgotten it anyway. (We never did think much of those memory courses.)

However, all will now be changed; the ad quoted in our first utterance says so, and the oracle never lies, mes enfants. Father has lowered the ante, and we read the Ladies' Home Journal, so the address is once more available. On second thought, "where ignorance is bliss," as someone habitually informs us, "don't spoil the party." No, darn it, we'll burn the little coupon!

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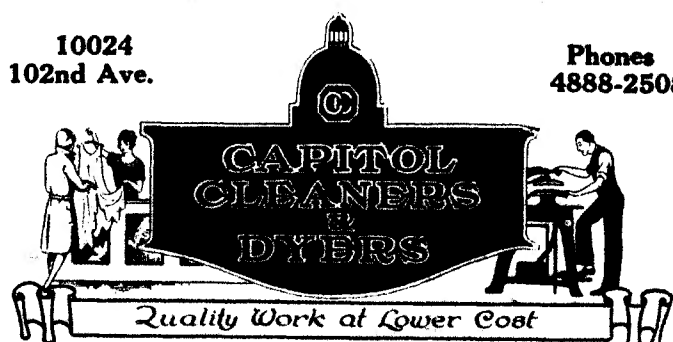
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Five Chinese youths, all in their teens, were arrested, tried, and shot within two hours at Shanghai recently when they were apprehended while distributing Communist literature. The youths were arrested in the International Settlement, and turned over to the police.

WONGA'S WANDERINGS

II—Laughs and Lectures

By Wonga

As I wished to impress my Freshman friend with the none-too-obvious fact that a few intellectual endeavors are carried on at the University, I led him in the direction of the Medical Building. Slipping quietly into Room 142 from above, we took our seats without being noticed. Seated around us were 150 students in every imaginable pose: some leaning forward with that radiant air of new-born inspiration; others with that dreamy air which may be caused by sleeping sickness, early morning parties, poor ventilation, love, or perhaps only the professor. A long way below and in front of us, a diminutive black-robed figure stood behind a long and equally black desk. He seemed to be speaking, for his mouth was opening and closing rather rapidly, while his hands described geometrical figures in the air. But there was an infernal hum in the room—you know how it is.

A New Species

"What is the meaning of all this?" queried the Freshman.

"The technical name, my dear fellow," I replied, "is a lecture, though other and worse names are equally applicable. These people whom you see about you are students, so-called. As for that fellow down below, I can scarcely hear him, but judging from past experience I should say that he is a professor, earnestly endeavouring to implant a few eternal truths in the minds of this misguided multitude."

"He must be very optimistic," interrupted my friend. "He has about as much chance of educating this

audience as I have of pushing a C.P.R. locomotive over the Great Divide. The odds are all against him. He has one advantage, of course: the other 150 haven't a chance to talk back. I wonder if they want one? And—but dear me, there is a man asleep over there in the corner. What does that signify?"

In the Arms of Morpheus

"It may mean any one of several things," I rejoined. "For instance, the gentleman in question may have attended the Hothouse Hop last night. Or on the other hand he may have flunked the course once and be repeating it. In which case, by the kindness of the University authorities, he must attend lectures as regularly as if he were taking the course for the first time. If the learned ones would change their jokes from year to year, one might keep awake. But alas! the tide of wit runs low and hoary jests become too venerable to be lightly discarded. The commonest reason for a student sleeping in class, however, is that he has no interest in the course."

"But," exclaimed the Freshman, "if he has no interest in the course, why does he take it?"

See Page —

"What?" I cried amazed. "Have you attained to this stage of your University course without being asked by the Registrar, the Chairman of the Freshman Committee and your faculty adviser to turn to page — of the University Calendar? You really should look it over some time; there are no end of incomprehensibly wise provisions. For instance, you will find that students in third year Arts are required, for the salvation of their souls and the broadening of their intellects, to take two courses from Division X, one from Division Y and one from Division Z. The theory of it all is that if you study too much about mathematical variations and too little about economic

equilibrium, you may become unbalanced yourself."

"But what is a Division?" queried my young friend innocently.

"There, there," I replied soothingly. "Don't let it worry you; many wiser men have wondered the same thing. The net result seems to be that an ardent Chemistry student may be forced to attend insufferably inane English lectures. Hence the victim seeks consolation in the arms of Morpheus."

Just then we noticed another figure standing beside the professor, glancing searchingly about the room and marking industriously upon a large sheet of paper in his hand. The Freshman was rather mystified as to the functions of this individual, and turned to me for an explanation.

Concerning Attendance

"He is quite harmless," I murmured. "He is merely taking the attendance."

"Oh, mother, may I go out and swim," crooned my friend. "And do they put you to bed for your afternoon nap too?"

"It all started in this way," I explained. "One of the early faculty members had a precocious son about eight years of age. The child had the habit, it seems, of chronically absenting himself from school. When his mother remonstrated with him, he parleyed in somewhat the following fashion: 'Mother, if I am very good may I not skip Reading I ten times during the year?' The harassed mother consented. 'And Writing I and Arithmetic I too,' continued the child prodigy. 'Yes, darling, if you are very, very good; now run along and play.'"

This struck his father, the faculty member, as being an eminently satisfactory arrangement. And inasmuch as he did not clearly perceive the difference between children and University students, he proposed at the next meeting of the Faculty Council that those students be regulated in the same way. The proposal was adopted and the system has continued down to the present day."

(To be continued)

Hamilton, N.Y. (I.P.) — Intelligence is not increased by going to college, nor is it an accident, according to Donald A. Laird, director of Colgate University psychological laboratory. "Parents with brains much above the average," he says, "have children with brains above the average. Brains seem quite definitely to be inherited, just as eye color, stature or temperament. College men have more brains than the man on the street because they had more brains in the first place, and therefore come to college."

Take Ye the Bull by the Horns

By the Watchman of Aterba

In the month of Tishri of the twenty-ninth year I was in the spirit in the province of Aterba by the river Sashwan. Now the people of that province worked mightily in the fields during the spring rains and the harvest, but in the latter months there was very little to which the hand of man could be put, for the cold was of a certain sharpness.

Then they, who were of one mind in thinking themselves the salt of the earth, came together in a mighty congregation outside the walls of the great city. And certain scribes abounding in wisdom and knowledge of all things were set over them for to instruct them in the way of truth. Thus, thought they, we shall improve our minds, and shall go forth at the first rains to instruct the people. Perchance we shall also gather us a few shekels for wisdom proceedeth only from the few and hath his price.

Now the hours of instruction were set betimes, and many broke not their fasts in the morning, being as it were in great haste to arrive before the appointed hour, many leaving their meals as an offering to the god of "Midnight Oil," and to divers other strange gods which their fathers knew not. So being come into the place of instruction they with one consent seated themselves, and gave ear to the teachings of the scribes. But, behold, the many words of the scribes stirred them not at all, nor caused they any movement in that thing which is known as grey matter. Notwithstanding all these things, at the first they were most anxious to hear, but at the last they slept with a soundness, awaking only at the appointed hour. Peradventure the scribe questioned, saying, "What means this?" or "What thinkest thou?" but none was found to answer, each being convinced that the scribe would interpret those things presently.

The times of instruction being, therefore, finished, each man returned to his tent to discover among the set books those selfsame things about which the scribes had said so many words. But many, scorning the books of wisdom did seek instruction in other matters from those of the same mind. Moreover, these lesser congregations did receive a new name from a beast of the field which cleaveth the hoof, but yet it is not written. Now in these lesser congregations it was the custom for each man to dispose himself according to his taste, therefore being well disposed each man set himself to deliver full streams of words from the emptiness which was his head. But, behold, on occasion did words of true wisdom fall from some lips, and some did store them within their hearts and so did learn more of the way of life than from all the words of the scribes.

Certain times being accomplished the time of the proof of knowledge did appear as a storm-cloud in the east. Thereupon did the lesser congregations become less still and there was no more reposing in the greater, for the words of the scribes were then of a great price. A great silence, also, did fall over the tents. And after the proof every man did return to his tent with an heavy heart, but some were put without the camp, and there was weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Now after seeing these things a great amazement fell on me and I pondered the wisdom of Solomon who saith, "Wisdom is glorious . . . whoso seeketh her early shall have no great travail."

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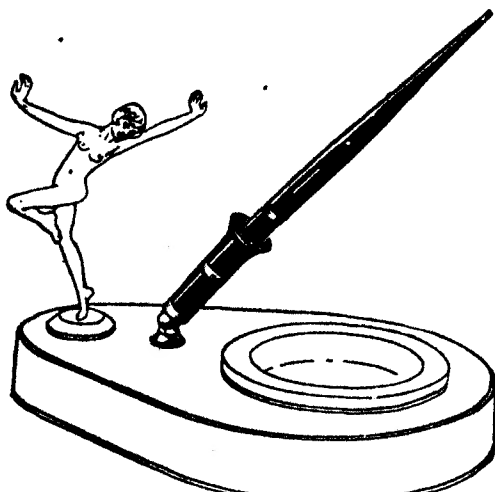
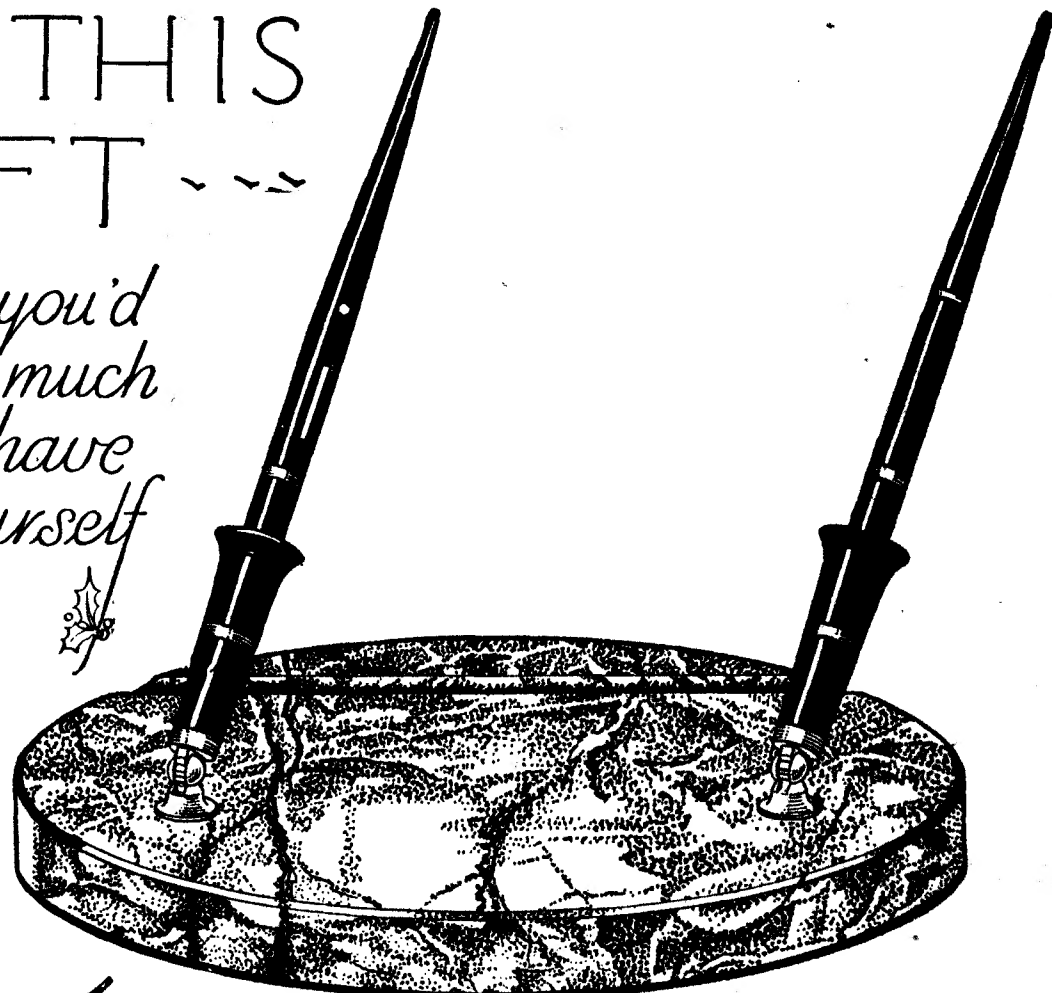
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SPORTS



Varsity Shows Up Well in Loss of First Game to Elks

Ross and Leminski Starred for Varsity—Elks' Centre Plays Brilliant Game—Ice Still Soft and Game Slow

The hockey season opened on Tuesday night for Edmonton, when the Elks defeated the Green and Gold squad by 5-2.

Even with the ice too soft for fast hockey, the University Covered Rink was packed.

The game was not productive of very fast hockey, but this was to be expected on account of the condition of the ice, nervousness, and the fact

that the players have not yet had time to round into condition. Nevertheless the game was flashy in spots.

New Players

Several new names appear on the lineups of both teams, the Elks uncovering a flashy centre, who opened the scoring and was one of the most dangerous men on the team, and Varsity being strengthened by Leminski, who played a beautiful game at centre throughout and was responsible for one of Varsity's goals. He is one of the most promising looking players Varsity has had for some time.

Blair started in goal for Varsity, playing the first period, after which Ross was called upon.

First Period

The Elks' centre opened the scoring about two minutes after the bell. The Elks were keeping three men down all the time and doing most of the shooting. Melnyk and Knight were both working hard, but were more effective as backchecks than at advancing the puck.

At the halfway mark the Elks tal-

lied up another, McMillan to Robertson.

Five minutes later McMillan banged in another. He was the hardest working man on the Elks team and the most dangerous.

The Elks centre came dangerously close to scoring again with Varsity men surrounding him. Just before the bell, he scored the Elks' fourth goal on an assist.

Second Period

The second period started at a slower pace, as the heavy ice and lack of condition were beginning to tell on both sides.

Ross was in goal now, and only one got by him for the remaining two periods, when McMillan scored after only a couple of minutes of play in this period.

Everard improved in this period, and a couple of his shots were on the goal, but with not enough speed behind them to get them by McNab, in goal for the Elks.

With the period half over Varsity speeded up the pace, Teminski dropping several dangerous shots on the Elks goal. The forwards were doing more checking this period instead of letting the defence do all the work.

Hills passed to Montgomery in the goal mouth, but the goalie saved and hung on to the puck, stopping the play till the referee finally thought of ringing the bell.

Third Period

The third period was rather sloppy, with Varsity having a distinct edge. They were getting three men down now and getting more of the shooting.

Hall barged through in a two-man rush in which the other man was not needed, to score after three or four minutes of play.

The Elks narrowly missed scoring when a pass rebounded off a Varsity defence man. Ross made a beautiful save from McMillan, on a two-man rush, coming out to meet him to save. Ross saved again a moment later what looked like a sure counter for Elks, on a pass to Groves in the mouth of the goal.

Everard and Leminski gave the Elks a nasty couple of minutes by holding the puck at their end, but could not get an opening.

Ross Saves

Once more Ross was called upon to make miraculous saves, two in

SENIOR MEN'S TEAM DEFEAT GRADS 34-23

Hoop Stars Demonstrate Superiority Over Graduates, Monday Night

The stars of bygone days bowed to youth on Monday night when the men's senior team defeated a collection of former Varsity star hoopers to a score of 34-23.

Shandro was again out with Varsity, and garnered 12 points, which helped a lot; Saddington collected 6, playing a good game.

For the old boys, Clarence Greenlees scored 8 and Parney 6, to help materially.

Mr. Hicks handled the whistle, and the teams were:

Varsity: Shandro (12), Saddington (6), Crag (2), McBeth (2), Fenerty (2), Balfour, Miller, Killick, Carscallen; total, 34.

Old Grads: Parney (6), Greenlees (8), Gowda (2), McConnachie (2), Sterling (3), Turnbull, Peto; total, 23.

quick succession, both of which brought cheers from the crowd.

With but a minute left to play, Hall and Leminski went down together, Hall shooting on a pass from Leminski, and the latter making the rebound into a counter.

The game ended with the score as that made it, 5-2 in favor of Elks.

Varsity Looks Good

On the showing of Tuesday night Varsity looks to be a stronger team than they were last year. They still have the fault of lack of finish around the goal, but Leminski and Montgomery both handle themselves well in close and the rest of the team may overcome this lack.

Their shooting is still a little wild, but will perhaps steady down with a little more practice.

Cooper, Duggan, Campbell, and Gardner are possible additions to the team and will strengthen up the weak places.

Hall and Hills work nicely together, and should make the best defence Varsity has had in several years.

Although Varsity lost, she made a creditable showing on the whole, and her supporters were not disappointed.

Varsity and Independents Win in Ladies Hoop League

Varsity Girls Win from Normal in Poor Game, 20-11—Gradettes Lose to Independents in Exciting Struggle, 35-30

A very mediocre game between the Normal and Varsity teams and an excellent encounter between the Independents and the Gradettes were played last week in the Varsity Gym.

Varsity Beats Normal

The only reason that this game went overtime was that both teams played equally bad basketball.

Play was ragged, and players ran thither and yonder. Inaccurate passes which never connected and poor shooting marked the regulation time. When Miss Holgate, of the Normal team, scored her last basket in the dying moments of the game it seemed to provide the stimulus Varsity needed.

Overtime Exciting

The overtime period was good (from Varsity's standpoint). Mahaffy, McMahon, Kopta and Calhoun scored in rapid succession, and quickly ran up nine points. Seldom did the ball leave the Normal end of the gym. In their 5 minutes' overtime playing Varsity was worth the win.

F. Peto refereed and the players were:

Varsity: Mahaffy (4), R. Fry (2), Calhoun (4), Kopta (4), McMahon (5), Barnett (1), Holmgren, Linke; total, 20.

Normal: Holgate (6), Kinney (2), Isaacs (3), Quick, Michaels, Jan-shewski, Harris; total, 11.

Gradettes vs. Independents

This was an exciting encounter all the way through. Accurate shooting, hard checking and snappy passes were featured. These old rivals played real classy basketball. They were out to win—even at the expense of bumping over the odd opponent. "What matters one gone if . . ." seemed their war-cry. Twenty penalties were handed out, the Independents being the worst offenders and drawing 12. Miss Dame, drawing the limited number, left the floor.

Dame, Melnyk and Wynnychuk starred for the Independents. The accurate shooting of the diminutive Miss Melnyk was a feature of the game.

For the Gradettes, Miss Brown, scoring 13 points, starred.

W. Sterling and F. Peto blew the whistles. Players were: Independents: Wynnychuk (11),

Dame (8), Melnyk (8), Sewell (6), Warshawick (2), Shandro, Palmer; total, 35.

Gradettes: Brown (13), Innes (5), Neale (5), Stone (5), Hendel, Coulson (2), Farley, Boyd; total, 30.

League Standing

	W.	L.
Gradettes	4	1
Varsity	3	1
Independents	2	2
Normal	0	4

SPORTING SLANTS

Did you notice the large turnout for Tuesday night's game? With good hockey being played, more cheering by that same crowd would not have been out of place.

The first period was heart-breaking. It seems just too bad "D.P." graduated in such a hurry.

The rest of the game was a different matter entirely. The Elks' territory was run all over by the Green and Gold.

Al Hall and Rollie Hills held the team together beautifully. Al accounted for the first goal, and passed to Timenski, who swept in the second. In other words, there is no need for a new defence.

Ross did some nice goal-tending for the short time he was on the ice. Did you see him looking around for a basket when he lost his stick?

Of the newcomers, Leminski showed real promise. He is a fast skater, can stick-handle, and his hook-check was effective.

Closer backchecking on the part of the forwards and less crowding back onto the defense would have messed up a lot more of the Elks' combinations.

Did you see the old spirit show up early in the second period, and did you notice how it persisted until the final gong? Varsity may have lost, but the boys were certainly not out-classed once they hit their stride. The scoring in the second and third periods shows this.

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Short Stories From the Bible

No. 5—JONAH AND THE WHALE

once upon a time before the game of bridge had swept the country and broke up homes there was a fella called jonah and well anyway he used to be a pretty good fisherman at least you'd think so to listen to him and he used to tell how he won the international fishing championship from joshua you see it was like this i had him down thirty love in the last set and i pulls two aces out of the lake one after the other to win the university championship well anyway this guy jonah usta tell the boys about all the big fish he used to get but you never noticed any trophies on the wall except the photo of one of the ones that got away well to get on with this tale one day jonah he was a sophomore by the way was stringing an innocent little frosh along about how good he was till the frosh got tired and walked off and told the head sophomore so he calls up the soph class and says hey fellows heres this guy jonah kidding the little freshman along about all the fish hes caught, now what are we going to do so they decided that they'd better chuck jonah in the lake and this they did well while jonah was spluttering around in the lake who should come along but a big whale thats the greek for ace and without a moments hesitation he gulped down jonah and swam off into the abyssal depths of the lake well when jonah got down inside the whales tummy to say that he was surprised would be putting it mildly he looked around for a bit and he lit a match on the walls of the whales inside to see where he was well that didn't make the whale feel any too comfortable but lighting a match was no patch to what jonah did next he took out a piece of chalk that he had in his pocket and marked out a tennis court inside the whale then he proceed to leap all over the whales tummy till mr whale felt very uncomfortable and when we say uncomfortable we mean uncomfortable and at last the whale says hey wothahell jonah lay down and have a sleep youre giving me a pain in my stomach but jonah merely said aw go sit on a tack and proceeded to dance a hornpipe where he shouldnt well the whale in despair looked all over for tack, but as he couldnt find one he sat down on an old mast which happened to be in the abyssal depths but that didnt help much well anyway the whale finally says hey jonah lets get together on this i know youre not as happy as you might be down in there and im certainly not as happy as i would be if you werent down in there so lets do something about it well says jonah we might think about it how would it be if you took me back to where you found me and then let me out hey says the whale and he slobbered his gratitude and back they went to the shores of judah with old mr whale slobbering all the way well anyway the whale finally swam up on the shores of the land of judah and opened his jaws and with a final slobber he let jonah crawl out heh heh snarled the whale merrily that lets you out yeh says jonah sarcastic like you sure slobbered a mouthful and all the university which was on the shore at that time shouted rah rah jonah rah and after that jonah could tell any story anywhere and although the listeners might believe it they didnt dare say so.

—CAPTAIN Z.

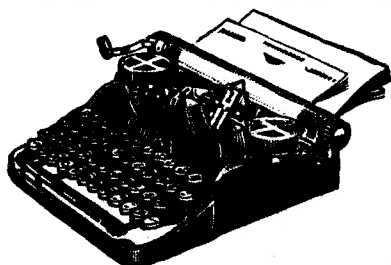
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Brief History of the University 1929-1950

By L.L.A.

- 1929—Overcrowding in University residences—Geology class holds lab in corridors of Arts Building—Christian students invited to lecture on Soul-Saving—Non-Christians commit suicide in despair.
1930—Government promises new library building.
1931—Chemistry class holds lab in Covered Rink.
1932—Ventilation system in Arts Building enjoys prolonged rest—ten students suffocate in lecture—critic says feature stories in Gateway are rotten.
1933—Government considers plans for new library—critic says jokes in Casseroles are putrid.
1934—Five students suffocate in lecture-room—all reference books missing from Library—drawing-labs moved to University Farm Buildings.
1935—Foundations for new Library commenced—Thirty-eight students killed in crush at back door of Med. Building.
1936—Plans for New Library Building altered—students complain of meals in Residences.
1937—Beds placed in corridors of Arts Building to accommodate overflow from residences—correspondent says news articles in Gateway are terrible.
1938—Forty students suffocate in lecture—repairs to ventilation system promised—beds placed in Med. Building.
1939—Plans for new Library Building revised—all books missing from Library—childishness of University students arouses ire of City Council.
1940—Fifteen students sleeping on roof of Arts Building die of exposure—Plant Pathology Lab. burned down by infuriated Architecture student—correspondent attacks editorials in Gateway.
1941—Beds placed in Convocation Hall—Chemistry lab moves to dining hall in Athabasca.
1942—Athabasca Hall burned down by fire originating in Chem. Lab.—students sleep in tents on Campus.
1943—Government says library will be ready next year—Varsity Hockey Team wins city championship.
1944—Ventilation system repaired—forty-five students suffocate in lecture.
1945—Assiniboia Hall collapses—fifty-six students die of exposure.
1946—Government says library will be ready next year—critic pans advertisements in Gateway.
1947—City Council deplores rowdiness of University students—thirty students suffocate in lecture—Arts building torn down to remedy defects in ventilation system.
1948—Four hundred students sleep in Covered Rink—Government says library will be ready next year.
1949—Statistician calculates chances of University students dying from exposure to be 96 in 100—City Council passes resolution prohibiting students from leaving Campus.
1950—Canadian Pacific Railway builds large hotel for accommodation of resident students—Work on library building suspended.

SAY KID, WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL!

By Mugwump

Truly the pen is mightier than the sword. Witness the heated arguments which centered around Mugwump's historical document on the nature of co-eds. Now everyone knows who is playing a losing game. Moreover, due, I believe, to the literary efforts of some of last year's courageous students, this season's crop of freshmen did not have their optical centers prematurely numbed by the view of the ghastly coal pile which used to flow out over the bowling green. Instead, when they now dash madly from the building which shelters the tribal headquarters of the Waunetas to the imposing tepee of the Medicine men, their eyes become filled with a goosy black dust which is frequently stirred up by the icy breezes which blow from the general direction of Pembina and which serves to convey the indescribable odour of many weird creatures from the menagerie which these same Medicine Men house in their tepee.

However, now that we are all here, pull up your chisterfields and let us see what further operations we can perform, for the improvement of learning, in our beloved Varsity. You know how it is: This hurts me more than it does you, William, but I have to do my duty and bring you up properly—Wham!—O-O-O-O-O-O-O!

Taxi Taxi!

Now that the weather has turned somewhat colder, and the freshmen are sleeping in in the morning, we feel sure that, if properly approached, the University authorities would gladly agree to provide a free taxi service from the homes of the students to the University campus. They might even maintain a special speed service of high-powered sedans for the benefit of those students who would otherwise be late for the eight-thirty memory tests in Phil. 2.

While we are on the subject of transportation, we might also have a fur-lined, steam-heated tunnel built between the residences, and from thence across the campus where it would connect with similar tunnels between the other University buildings and the University Hospital via the covered rink. From this main artery we should expect a branch tunnel to the Tuck Shop with outlets into St. Joseph's and St. Stephen's. As an additional feature, the tunnels should all be equipped with two moving platforms, one in each direction. No loitering in the tunnel leading to Pembina could be allowed; and after the Saturday night dances this tunnel should be provided with extra illumination.

Transportation, etc.

Since it requires a tremendous expenditure of intellectual energy to follow most University lectures, the actual amount of physical labour involved in getting to and from the class rooms should be kept to a minimum. Therefore, an actual necessity in our remodelled buildings would be a double escalator between all floors; a fast one for the boys and a slow one for the girls so that they might keep their vocal organs in good training en route.

Even students other than engineers sometimes become thirsty, so we cer-

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INTERRUPTING AS AN ART

By P.W.

Mrs. B. (with agitation): Yes! Yes! You were saying that she really wears a—

Mrs. C. (with confusion): Well, I really don't like to commit—

Mrs. D. (with animation): No! No! Of course, we understand, but does she—

Mrs. B. (with determination): But you did say—

Mrs. C. (with resignation): It's too late, my dears, the story—

Chorus of groans, sighs, significant flutters and preparations for general departure follow.

Although the story is lost, something has been gained. By this device suspense is created and the reader is quite likely to skim through the book, find the story, and read it on the spot. Better still, he will pursue the intervening pages with breathless interest, which is augmented as each leaf is turned, and which culminates in frantic delight when the tale is reached.

In more or less literary terms, you say the writer sustains interest. He certainly does. But in everyday language it is an interruption, or to be more exact, five very blatant interruptions.

"But," you protest reproachfully, "it's rude to interrupt!" Perhaps it is! It all depends upon the point of view. If you're being interrupted, it's rude; if you're interrupting carefully, it's an art.

Psychological Studies

The former aspect can be dismissed readily enough. An interrupted person provides interesting material for psychological studies. He may take it lying down and subside meekly. Then the person under observation ceases to be interesting. He may resent the interruption bitterly, visibly and actively. Such a person may be dangerous or merely amusing. Piercing eyes, which appear as pinpoints of magnetic fire, under a brow whose pristine calmness is obscured by furrows of wrath, present an arresting picture. The victim of such a glance quakes inwardly, even outwardly; wishes for an impromptu earthquake—which as a measure of poetic justice never comes—and retires crestfallen.

The Wrathful Victim

The course of folly is, however, to fly into a rage. "Eh! What! What's this?" roars the enraged lion. He stays for no answer, but has simply used a rhetorical question as a prelude to what must inevitably follow. A stream of bitter invectives descends upon the head of the intruder. To carry off his part with aplomb, he must listen in a coldly incredulous, almost abstracted manner. When the deluge ceases, the interrupter adds, "As you were telling me before, my dear fellow?" This is not intended as a soothing remark. But if you have chosen your victim discreetly, he will be nonplussed, perhaps humbled. If you've been indiscreet and this remark causes a renewal of hostilities, it's your own fault, and the solution of the additional problem is entirely yours too.

As An Art

But let us examine the real interruption—the finished product of a fin art. It may find expression in an infinite variety of ways. The more subtle and obscure the method of attack, the more it illustrates the possibilities and beauties of interrupting.

A young man at a social gathering hears his very formidable aunt casting aspersions upon the one girl in the world for him. Impulsively he may blush, stammer, then grow suddenly brave, and, thrusting forward a belligerent chin, hotly deny the statements made. This is very manly but lacks finesse. The thing to do is to stand behind his unappreciative female relative and impede her progress by stepping on her dress. The motto is—step lightly to tear slightly. The shoe might be dusted furtively beforehand with a pocket handkerchief to avoid more drastic results. Then the contrite young man rushes forward, offers the aunt his arm with very profuse apologies—and the incident is forgotten. This might inflame some aunts to a white heat—I don't know. But even in this case—or perhaps especially in this case—the topic of conversation will change.

The Welcome Mouse

A further illustration might be authentic. Sometimes it is necessary to borrow things—it may even prove expedient to borrow some things indefinitely. This applies to dictionaries, especially if you are taking English 2. It is all the more easy to forget to return it if the borrowed volume is a beautiful red copy of "The Concise Oxford Dictionary"—with no pages missing. But even the

welcome as the tinkle of camel bells is to a benighted traveller on the desert. By careful listening the sound is found to come from the top drawer of the dresser. The drawer is jerked open to reveal the hasty departure of the tiniest mouse. The owner of the room—and incidentally of the dictionary—performs a gymnastic feat by jumping on the table, and emits very conventional screams. The book in question is forgotten.

The thing to do is to buy a mechanical mouse. They make them very cleverly nowadays. The next time dictionaries are enjoying the lime-light—let the mouse share it. By this time the dictionary and mouse will be occupying the same little mental path in the timid young lady's mind. You won't need to buy a dictionary now.



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SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE MOON

Pembina Girls Refuse to Take Chance Offered by Residence Men

At a historic session immediately after the evening meal of last Monday in the Athabaska dining hall, a majority of the men present voted in favor of deciding partnerships for the Christmas banquet by lottery. The suggestion was put forward by Nelson Gourlay, the chairman of the Men's House Committee, who had discussed it with his fellow-chiefs. The Christmas banquet, Mr. Gourlay explained, has never been very satisfactory in the past, particularly for freshmen and freshettes. The suggestion was received with considerable laughter, as a startling innovation, but was finally accepted by a fairly large majority. When the proposal was put to the girls on Wednesday night in the Pembina dining hall, after a heated discussion, it was rejected, one prominent senior refusing "to pull two men out of a hat."

SENIORS NOTICE

There are still a few seniors who have not turned in their epitaphs and pictures for the Year Book. The committee would appreciate having these sent in immediately, or at least not later than December 15, which has been set as the closing date.

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DR. H. J. MACLEOD ADDRESSES S.C.M.

Topic "Beyond the Reach of Science" Results in Interesting Discussion

The last general meeting of the S.C.M. for this term was held on Wednesday afternoon in Athabaska Lounge. Dr. H. J. MacLeod, of the Faculty of Applied Science, spoke on the topic "Beyond the Reach of Science." The speaker began by sketching the growth of modern scientific thought from its inception about a century ago until the present day. Scientists early came into conflict with theologians; for Darwin's work destroyed, so it seemed, the last prop of the old religious beliefs. It gave a scientific explanation for a purposeful universe, for a natural origin of life, and made man merely a machine. Tyndall and Huxley looked forward to that glorious day when the moral as well as the physical sphere should be governed by scientific laws. Psychologists divided up human nature into instincts, impulses and emotions; but in the end discovered that the result was not human nature. A growing suspicion of this dogmatic attitude of science led to a reaction against materialism about the beginning of the present century. We have discovered that our world is much more complex than early scientists thought it to be; and more and more, modern scientists are coming to the conclusion that reality is after all eluding them. They no longer regard the non-concrete as merely illusory; in fact, the opinion now is that the things of real value are those which cannot be proved. A very profitable half-hour was spent in discussing this illuminating address. Many interesting points were considered, and all were sorry when the lateness of the hour necessitated the adjournment of a delightful meeting.

CROWDED EXCHANGE LECTURE

At the time of our going to press an exchange lecture is being given in Convocation Hall by Dr. A. F. B. Clark, of the Department of Modern Languages, of the University of British Columbia. It seems that his subject, "A Visit to Soviet Russia," is one of great interest to students, as the reports are that Convocation Hall is packed.

R. W. IS NOT R. C.

It has come to our notice that the use of the initials under the second of the two letters appearing on the front page of our last issue has caused some confusion. The full name of the correspondent is Robert Winslow Hamilton. He is not to be confused with Reginald C. Hamilton, the chairman of the Disciplinary Committee.—(Editor.)

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CHEMISTRY BOWLING LEAGUE ORGANIZED

League Composed of Students, Graduates and Professors Under Way

Up to the present the Sport Page of The Gateway has made no mention whatever of bowling. Why should this be?—merely because there has been no organized bowling among University students up until a short time ago. Of course a large number of students do bowl an occasional game, but it was left to the Chemistry Department to organize a regular bowling league.

Some of the wielders of test-tube and retorts felt that it would be a good thing to have some type of recreation, and decided that bowling was the game best suited to the largest number. In order to put a little more zest into the matter a 4-team league was organized. The members consist of professors, research-workers, student instructors, and just ordinary students. Up to the present there have been 21 players take part. Of course there are probably many others who would like to bowl, but it was felt that it would be best to go forward on a small scale at first. The fact that the number is comparatively small is not due to a desire to make the league exclusive, but merely because of the difficulties of organizing and running a larger one. In fact, several who are now bowling regularly are not members of a regular team, but are merely present "on their own."

The games are played every Tuesday afternoon at 5 p.m. in the Recreation Hall. Mr. H. E. Morris, B.Sc., is acting as secretary, keeping a record of scores, etc. Though a good many are newcomers to the game, they are learning rapidly, and averages are mounting from week to week.

The team standings and individual averages up to Nov. 26 are given below:

Teams.	W.	L.	Pts.
Organic	12	6	12
Physical	10	8	10
Analytical	8	10	8
Inorganic	6	12	6

Individual Averages	Name.	Games.	Ave.
McDonald	9	198	
Argue	6	195	
Smith	9	193	
Boomer	4	183	
McKenzie	9	175	
Lynn	9	171	
H. Morris	9	162	
Stewart	6	151	
Gaetz	5	140	
Overbaugh	3	140	
Sutherland	9	136	
Gishler	9	136	
Leger	9	129	
Henry	9	129	
Sandin	6	128	
Zimmerman	9	126	
Stover	9	125	
Edwards	9	125	
J. Morris	9	118	
Drake	9	118	
Noble	9	117	

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